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FOUR-SCORE.

Four-score, four-score to day!
I 'm almost home, they say,
And I 'm waiting now to hear my Father call:
He bids me patient be,
And He will come for me,
My tottering steps to guide that I may not fall.

As I look far back
O'er the lonely track
I 've wandered through so wearily since my good man went away,
To my old brain it seems
Full of dim and misty dreams.
And I hear his loved voice saying, "Dear, you 'll come to me some day."

Around our hearth-stone bright,
With the glow of fire at night,
There gather'd seven dear and childish forms of beauty rare;
And its fitful shadows played
O'er each bent and glossy head,
As in tender tones his lips poured forth a blessing and a prayer.

And now I 'm all alone,
For He called them one by one,
'Till the dear pet lamb alone, of all our flock was left.
Then with anguish keen I cried:
"Spare this, my joy and pride,
For if Thou callest *him*, then indeed am I bereft."

But He knew what was best,
And where my heart should rest,
So one bright morn He whispered, and my darling slid away
Into His arms outspread—
So He has all my dead.
And now *I 'm* waiting to be called, and He *may* come to-day.

Four-score, four-score to-day,
I 'm very old, they say;
Just pull the blanket over me, for I 'm very, very cold.
But there 's no one to sorrow,
And I may be young to-morrow,
For I see my darlings beckoning me to come into His fold.

K. F. L.

THE COMPENSATION HOUSE.

"There 's not a looking-glass in all the house, sir. It 's some peculiar fancy of my master's. There is n't one in any single room in the house."

It was a dark and gloomy-looking building, and had been purchased by this Company for an enlargement of their Goods Station. The value of the house had been referred to what was popularly called "a compensation jury," and the house was called, in consequence, The Compensation House.

It had become the Company's property; but its tenant still remained in possession, pending the commencement of active building operations. My attention was originally drawn to this house because it stood directly in front of a collection of huge pieces of timber which lay near this part of the Line, and on which I sometimes sat for half an hour at a time, when I was tired by my wanderings about Mugby Junction.

It was square, cold, grey-looking, built of rough-hewn stone, and roofed with thin slabs of the same material. Its windows were few in number, and very small for the size of the building. In the great blank, grey broadside, there were only four windows. The entrance-door was in the middle of the house; there was a window on either side of it, and there were two more in the single story above. The blinds were all closely drawn, and, when the door was shut, the dreary building gave no sign of life or occupation.

But the door was not always shut. Sometimes it was opened from within, with a great jingling of bolts and door-chains, and then a man would come forward and stand upon the door-step, snuffling the air as one might do who was ordinarily kept on rather a small allowance of that element. He was stout, thickset, and perhaps fifty or sixty years old—a man whose hair was cut exceedingly close, who wore a large bushy beard, and whose eye had a sociable twinkle in it which was prepossessing. He was dressed, whenever I saw him, in a greenish-brown frock-coat made of some material which was not cloth, wore a waistcoat and trousers of light color, and had a frill to his shirt—an ornament, by the way, which did not seem to go at all well with the beard, which was continually in contact with it. It was the custom of this worthy person, after standing for a short time on the threshold inhaling the air, to come forward into the road, and, after glancing at one of the upper windows in a half mechanical way, to cross over to the logs, and leaning over the fence which guarded the railway, to look up and down the line (it passed before the house) with the air of a man accomplishing a self-imposed task of which nothing was expected to come. This done, he would cross the road again, and turning on the threshold to take a final sniff of air, disappeared once more within the house, bolting and chaining the door again as if there were no probability of its being reöpened for at least a week. Yet half an hour had not passed before he was out in the road again, sniffing the air and looking up and down the line as before.

It was not very long before I managed to scrape acquaint-

ance with this restless personage. I soon found out that my friend with the shirt-frill was the confidential servant, butler, valet, factotum, what you will, of a sick gentleman, a Mr. Oswald Strange, who had recently come to inhabit the house opposite, and concerning whose history my new acquaintance, whose name I ascertained was Masey, seemed disposed to be somewhat communicative. His master, it appeared, had come down to this place, partly for the sake of reducing his establishment—not, Mr. Masey was swift to inform me, on economical principles; but, because the poor gentleman, for particular reasons, wished to have few dependents about him—partly in order that he might be near his old friend, Dr. Garden, who was established in the neighborhood, and whose society and advice were necessary to Mr. Strange's life. That life was, it appeared, held by this suffering gentleman on a precarious tenure. It was ebbing away fast with each passing hour. The servant already spoke of his master in the past tense, describing him to me as a young gentleman not more than five-and-thirty years of age, with a young face, as far as the features and build of it went, but with an expression which had nothing of youth about it. This was the great peculiarity of the man. At a distance he looked younger than he was by many years, and strangers, at the time when he had been used to get about, always took him for a man of seven or eight-and-twenty, but they changed their minds on getting nearer to him. Old Masey had a way of his own of summing up the peculiarities of his master, repeating twenty times over: "Sir, he was Strange by nature, and strange to look at into the bargain."

It was during my second or third interview with the old fellow that he uttered the words quoted at the beginning of this plain narrative.

"Not such a thing as a looking-glass in all the house," the old man said, standing beside my piece of timber, and looking across reflectively at the house opposite. "Not one."

"In the sitting-rooms, I suppose you mean?"

"No, sir, I mean sitting-rooms and bed-rooms both; there is n't so much as a shaving-glass as big as the palm of your hand anywhere."

"But how is it?" I asked. "Why are there no looking-glasses in any of the rooms?"

"Ah, sir!" replied Masey, "that 's what none of us can ever tell. There is the mystery. It 's just a fancy on the part of my master. He had some strange fancies, and this was one of them. A pleasant gentlemen he was to live with, as any servant could desire. A liberal gentleman, and one who gave but little trouble; always ready with a kind word, and a kind deed, too, for the matter of that. There was not a house in all the parish of St. George's (in which we lived before we came down here) where the servants had more holidays or a better table kept; but, for all that, he had his queer ways and his fancies, as I may call them, and this was one of them. And the point he made of it, sir," the old man went on; "the extent to which that regulation was enforced, whenever a new servant was engaged; and the changes in the establishment it occasioned! In hiring a new servant, the very first stipulation made, was that about the looking-glasses. It was one of my duties to explain the thing, as far as it could be explained, before any servant was taken into the house. 'You 'll find it an easy place,' I used to say, 'with a liberal table, good wages, and a deal of leisure; but there 's one thing you must make up your mind to; you must do without looking-glasses while you 're here, for there is n't one in the house; and, what 's more, there never will be' "

"But how did you know there never would be one?" I asked.

"Lor' bless you, sir! If you 'd seen and heard all that I 'd seen and heard, you could have no doubt about it! Why, only to take one instance:—I remember a particular day when my master had occasion to go into the housekeeper's room, where the cook lived, to see about some alterations that were making, and when a pretty scene took place. The cook—she was a very ugly woman, and awful vain—had left a little bit of a looking-glass, about six inches square, upon the chimney-piece; she had got it *surreptious*, and kept it always locked up; but she 'd left it out, being called away suddenly while titivating her hair. I had seen the glass, and was making for the chimney-piece as fast as I could; but master came in front of it before I could get there, and it was all over in a moment. He gave one long piercing look into it, turned deadly pale, and seizing the glass, dashed it into a hundred pieces on the floor, and then stamped upon the fragments and ground them into powder with his feet. He shut himself up for the rest of that day in his own room, first ordering me to discharge the cook, then and there, at a moment's notice."

"What an extraordinary thing!" I said, pondering.

"Ah, sir," continued the old man, "it was astonishing what trouble I had with those women-servants. It was difficult to get any that would take the place at all under the circumstances. 'What, not so much as a mossul to do one's 'air at?' they would say, and they 'd go off, in spite of extra wages. Then those who did consent to come, what lies they would tell, to be sure! They would protest that they did n't want to look in the glass, that they never had been in the habit of looking in the glass, and all the while that very wench would have her looking-glass, of some kind or another, hid away among her clothes up-stairs. Sooner or later, she would bring it out too, and leave it about somewhere or other (just like the cook), where it was as likely as not that master might see it. And then—for girls like that have no consciences, sir—when I had caught one of 'em at it, she 'd turn round as bold as brass, 'And how am I to know whether my 'air's parted straight?' she 'd say, just as if it had n't been considered in her wages that that was the very thing which she never *was* to know while she lived in our house. A vain lot, sir, and the ugly ones always the vainest. There was no end to their dodges. They 'd have looking-glasses in the interiors of their work-box lids, where it was next to impossible that I could find 'em, or inside the covers of hymn-books, or cookery-books, or in their caddies. I recollect one girl, a sly one she was, and marked with the small-pox terrible, who was always reading her prayer-book at odd times. Sometimes I used to think what a religious mind she 'd got, and at other times (depending on the mood I was in) I would conclude that it was the marriage-service she was studying; but one day, when I got behind her to satisfy my doubts—lo and behold! it was the old story: a bit of glass, without a frame, fastened into the kiver with the outside edges of the sheets of postage-stamps. Dodges! Why, they 'd keep their looking-glasses in the scullery or the coal-cellar, or leave them in charge of the servants next door, or with the milk-woman round the corner; but have 'em they would. "And I don't mind confessing, sir," said the old man, bringing his long speech to an end, "that it *was* an inconveniency not to have so much as a scrap to shave before. I used to go to the barber's at first, but I soon gave that up, and took to wearing my beard as my master did; likewise to keeping my hair—" Mr. Masey touched his head as he spoke—"so short that it did n't require any parting, before or behind."

I sat for some time lost in amazement, and staring at my companion. My curiosity was powerfully stimulated, and the desire to learn more was very strong within me.

"Had your master any personal defect," I inquired, "which

might have made it distressing to him to see his own image reflected?"

"By no means, sir," said the old man. "He was as handsome a gentleman as you would wish to see: a little delicate-looking and care-worn, perhaps, with a very pale face; but as free from any deformity as you or I, sir. No, sir, no; it was nothing of that."

"Then what was it? What is it?" I asked, desperately. "Is there no one who is, or has been, in your master's confidence?"

"Yes, sir," said the old fellow, with his eyes turning to that window opposite. "There is one person who knows all my master's secrets, and this secret among the rest."

"And who is that?"

The old man turned round and looked at me fixedly. "The doctor here," he said. "Dr. Garden. My master's very old friend."

"I should like to speak with this gentleman," I said, involuntarily.

"He is with my master now," answered Masey. "He will be coming out presently, and I think I may say he will answer any question you may like to put to him." As the old man spoke, the door of the house opened, and a middle-aged gentleman, who was tall and thin, but who lost something of his height by a habit of stooping, appeared on the step. He was, in appearance, a man who had experienced considerable in the years he had lived, and from his dress, which had at one time been excellent, but which now was seedy and faded, one could easily judge what occupation he followed. I said he was middle-aged, but upon a close scrutiny of his features, they would indicate that he had passed the meridian of life and was on the home-stretch. There was a serious expression upon his face just as the door was opened, but as he entered a visible change passed over it, and an assumed cheerfulness lit up his whole countenance. Old Masey left me in a moment. He muttered something about taking the doctor's directions, and hastened across the road. The tall gentleman spoke to him for a minute or two very seriously, probably about the patient up-stairs, and it then seemed to me from their gestures that I myself was the subject of some further conversation between them. At all events, when old Masey retired into the house, the doctor came across to where I was standing, and addressed me with a very agreeable smile.

"John Masey tells me that you are interested in the case of my poor friend, sir. I am now going back to my house, and if you do n't mind the trouble of walking with me, I shall be happy to enlighten you as far as I am able."

I hastened to make my apologies and express my acknowledgments, and we set off together. When we had reached the doctor's house and were seated in his study, I ventured to inquire after the health of this poor gentleman.

"I am afraid there is no amendment, nor any prospect of amendment," said the doctor. "Old Masey has told you something of his strange condition, has he not?"

"Yes, he has told me something," I answered, "and he says you know all about it."

Dr. Garden looked very grave. "I don't know all about it. I only know what happens when he comes into the presence of a looking-glass. But as to the circumstances which have led to his being haunted in the strangest fashion that I ever heard of, I know no more of them than you do."

"Haunted?" I repeated. "And in the strangest fashion that you ever heard of?"

Dr. Garden smiled at my eagerness, seemed to be collecting his thoughts, and presently went on:

"I made the acquaintance of Mr. Oswald Strange in a curious way. It was on board of an Italian steamer, bound from Civita Vecchia to Marseilles. We had been traveling all night. In the morning I was shaving myself in the cabin, when suddenly this man came behind me, glanced for a moment into the small mirror before which I was standing, and then, without a word of warning, tore it from the nail and dashed it to pieces at my feet. His face was at first livid with passion—it seemed to me rather the passion of fear than of anger—but it changed after a moment, and he seemed ashamed of what he had done. Well," continued the Dr., relapsing for a moment into a smile, "of course I was in a devil of a rage. I was operating on my under-jaw, and the start the thing gave me caused me to cut myself. Besides, altogether, it seemed an outrageous and insolent thing, and I gave it to poor Strange in a style of language which I am sorry to think of now, but which, I hope, was excusable at the time. As to the offender himself, his confusion and regret, now that his passion was at an end, disarmed me. He sent for the steward, paid most liberally for the damage done to the steamboat property, explaining to him and to some other passengers who were present in the cabin, that what had happened had been accidental. For me, however, he had another explanation. Perhaps he felt that I must know it to have been no accident—perhaps he really wished to confide in some one. At all events he owned to me that what he had done was done under the influence of an uncontrollable impulse—a seizure which took him, he said, at times—something like a fit. He begged my pardon, and entreated that I would endeavor to disassociate him personally from this action, of which he was heartily ashamed. Then he attempted a sickly joke, poor fellow, about his wearing a beard and feeling a little spiteful in consequence when he saw other people taking the trouble to shave; but he said nothing about any infirmity or delusion, and shortly after left me.

"In my professional capacity I could not help taking some interest in Mr. Strange. I did not altogether lose sight of him after our sea-journey to Marseilles was over. I found him a pleasant companion up to a certain point; but I always felt that there was a reserve about him. He was uncommunicative about his past life, and especially would never allude to anything connected with his travels or his residence in Italy, which, however, I could make out had been a long one. He spoke Italian well and seemed familiar with the country, but disliked to talk about it.

"During the time we spent together there were seasons when he was so little himself, that I, with a pretty large experience, was almost afraid to be with him. His attacks were violent and sudden in the last degree; and there was one most extraordinary feature connected with them all—some horrible association of ideas took possession of him whenever he found himself before a looking-glass. And after we had traveled together for a time, I dreaded the sight of a mirror hanging harmlessly against a wall, or a toilet-glass standing on a dressing-table, almost as much as he did.

"Poor Strange was not always affected in the same manner by a looking-glass. Sometimes it seemed to madden him with fury; at other times, it appeared to turn him to stone; remaining motionless and speechless as if attacked by catalepsy. One night—the worst things always happen at night, and oftener than one would think on stormy nights—we arrived at a small town in the central district of Auvergne; a place but little known, out of the line of railways and to which we had been drawn, partly by the antiquarian attractions which the place possessed, and partly by the beauty of the scenery. The weather had been rather against us. The day had been dull and murky, the heat stifling and

the sky had threatened mischief since the morning. At sundown, these threats were fulfilled. The thunderstorm, which had been all day coming up—as it seemed to us, against the wind—burst over the place where we were lodged with very great violence.

"There are some practical-minded persons with strong constitutions, who deny roundly that their fellow-creatures are, or can be, affected, in mind or body, by atmospheric influences. I am not a disciple of that school, simply because I cannot believe that those changes of weather, which have so much effect upon animals, and even on inanimate objects, can fail to have some influence on a piece of machinery so sensitive and intricate as the human frame. I think, then, that it was in part owing to the disturbed state of the atmosphere that, on this particular evening, I felt nervous and depressed. When my new friend Strange and I parted for the night, I felt as little disposed to go to rest as I ever did in my life. The thunder was still lingering among the mountains in the midst of which our inn was placed. Sometimes it seemed nearer, and at other times further off; but it never left off altogether, except for a few minutes at a time. I was quite unable to shake off a succession of painful ideas which persistently besieged my mind.

"It is hardly necessary to add that I thought from time to time of my traveling companion in the next room. His image was almost continually before me. He had been dull and depressed all the evening, and when we parted for the night there was a look in his eyes which I could not get out of my memory.

"There was a door between our rooms, and the partition dividing them was not very solid; and yet I had heard no sound since I parted from him which could indicate that he was there at all, much less that he was awake and stirring. I was in a mood, sir, which made this silence terrible to me, and so many foolish fancies—as that he was lying there dead, or in a fit, or what not—took possession of me, that at last I could bear it no longer. I went to the door, and, after listening, very attentively but quite in vain, for any sound, I at last knocked pretty sharply. There was no answer. Feeling that longer suspense would be unendurable, I, without more ceremony, turned the handle and went in.

"It was a great bare room, and so imperfectly lighted by a single candle that it was almost impossible—except when the lightning flashed—to see into its great dark corners. A small rickety bedstead stood against one of the walls, shrouded by yellow cotton curtains, passed through a great iron ring in the ceiling. There was, for all other furniture, an old chest of drawers which served also as a washing-stand, having a small basin and ewer and a single towel arranged on the top of it. There were, moreover, two ancient chairs and a dressing-table. On this last stood a large old-fashioned looking-glass, with a carved frame.

"I must have seen all these things, because I remember them so well now, but I do not know how I could have seen them, for it seems to me that, from the moment of my entering that room, the action of my senses and of the faculties of my mind was held fast by the ghastly figure which stood motionless before the looking-glass in the middle of the empty room.

"How terrible it was! The weak light of one candle standing on the table shone upon Strange's face, lighting it from below, and throwing (as I now remember) his shadow, vast and black, upon the wall behind him and upon the ceiling overhead. He was leaning rather forward, with his hands upon the table supporting him and gazing into the glass which stood before him with a horrible fixity. The sweat was on his white face; his rigid features and his pale lips showed in that feeble light were horrible, more than words can tell, to look at. He was so completely stupefied and lost, that the noise I had made in knocking and in entering the room was unobserved by him. Not even when I called him loudly by name did he move nor did his face change.

"What a vision of horror that was, in the great dark empty room, in a silence that was something more than negative, that ghastly figure frozen into stone by some unexplained terror! And the silence and the stillness! The very thunder had ceased now. My heart stood still with fear. Then, moved by some instinctive feeling, under whose influence I acted mechanically, I crept with slow steps nearer and nearer to the table, and at last, half expecting to see some spectre even more horrible than this which I saw already, I looked over his shoulder into the looking-glass. I happened to touch his arm, though only in the lightest manner. In that one moment the spell which had held him—who knows how long?—enchained, seemed broken, and he lived in this world again. He turned round upon me, as suddenly as a tiger makes its spring, and seized me by the arm.

"I have told you that even before I entered my friend's room I had felt, all that night, depressed and nervous. The necessity for action at this time was, however, so obvious, and this man's agony made all that I had felt appear so trifling, that much of my own discomfort seemed to leave me. I felt that I *must* be strong.

"The face before me almost unmanned me. The eyes which looked into mine were so scared with terror, the lips—if I may say so—looked so speechless. The wretched man gazed long into my face, and then, still holding me by the arm, slowly, very slowly, turned his head. I had gently tried to move him away from the looking-glass, but he would not stir, and now he was looking into it as fixedly as ever. I could bear this no longer, and, using such force as was necessary, I drew him gradually away, and got him to one of the chairs at the foot of the bed. 'Come!' I said—after the long silence my voice, even to myself, sounded strange and hollow—'come! You are over-tired and you feel the weather. Do n't you think you ought to be in bed? Suppose you lie down. Let me try my medical skill in mixing you a composing draught.'

"He held my hand and looked eagerly into my eyes. 'I am better now,' he said, speaking at last very faintly. Still he looked at me in that wistful way. It seemed as if there were something that he wanted to do or say, but had not sufficient resolution. At length he got up from the chair to which I had led him, and beckoning me to follow him, went across the room to the dressing-table and stood again before the glass. A violent shudder passed through his frame as he looked into it; but apparently forcing himself to go through with what he had now begun, he remained where he was, and, without looking away, moved to me with his hand to come and stand beside him. I complied.

"'Look in there!' he said, in an almost inaudible tone. He was supported, as before, by his hands resting on the table, and could only bow with his head towards the glass to intimate what he meant. 'Look in there!' he repeated.

"I did as he asked me.

"'What do you see?' he asked next.

"'See?' I repeated, trying to speak as cheerfully as I could, and describing the reflexion of his own face as nearly as I could. 'I see a very pale face with sunken cheeks——'

"'What?' he cried, with an alarm in his voice which I could not understand.

"'With sunken cheeks,' I went on, 'and two hollow eyes with large pupils.'

"I saw the reflexion of my friend's face change, and felt

his hand clutch my arm even more tightly than he had done before. I stopped abruptly and looked round at him. He did not turn his head towards me, but, gazing still into the looking glass, seemed to labor for utterance.

"'What,' he stammered at last. 'Do—you—see it—too?'

"'See what?' I asked, quickly.

"'That face!' he cried, in accents of horror. 'That face—which is not mine—and which—I SEE INSTEAD OF MINE—always!'

"I was struck speechless by the words. In a moment this mystery was explained—but what an explanation! Worse, a hundred times worse, than anything I had imagined. What! Had this man lost the power of seeing his own image as it was reflected there before him? and, in its place, was there the image of another? Had he changed reflexions with some other man? The frightfulness of the thought struck me speechless for a time—then I saw how false an impression my silence was conveying.

"'No, no, no!' I cried, as soon as I could speak—'a hundred times, no! I see you, of course, and only you. It was your face I was attempting to describe, and no other.'

"He seemed not to hear me. 'Why, look there!' he said, in a low, indistinct voice, pointing to his own image in the glass. 'Whose face do you see there?'

"'Why, yours, of course.' And then, after a moment, I added, 'Whose do you see?'

"He answered, like one in a trance, '*His*—only his—always his!' He stood still a moment, and then, with a loud and terrific scream, repeated those words, 'ALWAYS HIS, ALWAYS HIS,' and fell down in a fit before me.

"I knew what to do now. Here was a thing which, at any rate, I could understand. I had with me my usual small stock of medicines and surgical instruments, and I did what was necessary: first to restore my unhappy patient, and next to procure for him the rest he needed so much. He was very ill—at death's door for some days—and I could not leave him, though there was urgent need that I should be back in London. When he began to mend, I sent over to England for my servant—John Masey—whom I knew I could trust. Acquainting him with the outlines of the case, I left him in charge of my patient, with orders that he should be brought over to this country as soon as he was fit to travel.

"That awful scene was always before me. I saw this devoted man day after day, with the eyes of my imagination, sometimes destroying in his rage the harmless looking-glass, which was the immediate cause of his suffering, sometimes transfixed before the horrid image that turned him to stone. I recollect coming upon him once when we were stopping at a roadside inn, and seeing him stand so by broad daylight. His back was turned towards me, and I waited and watched him for nearly half an hour as he stood there motionless and speechless, and appearing not to breathe. I am not sure but that this apparition, seen so by daylight, was more ghastly than that apparition seen in the middle of the night, with the thunder rumbling among the hills.

"Back in London, in his own house, where he could command in some sort the objects which should surround him, poor Strange was better than he would have been elsewhere. He seldom went out except at night, but once or twice I have walked with him by daylight, and have seen him terribly agitated when we have had to pass a shop in which looking-glasses were exposed for sale.

"It is nearly a year now since my poor friend followed me down to this place, to which I have retired. For some months he has been daily getting weaker and weaker, and a disease of the lungs has become developed in him, which has brought him to his death-bed. I should add, by-the-by, that John Masey has been his constant companion ever since I brought them together, and I have had, consequently, to look after a new servant.

"And now tell me," the doctor added, bringing his tale to an end, "did you ever hear a more miserable history, or was ever man haunted in a more ghastly manner than this man?"

I was about to reply, when we heard a sound of footsteps outside, and before I could speak old Masey entered the room, in haste and disorder.

"I was just telling this gentleman," the doctor said, not at the moment noticing old Masey's changed manner, "how you deserted me to go over to your present master."

"Ah! sir," the man answered, in a troubled voice, "I 'm afraid he won't be my master long."

The doctor was on his legs in a moment. "What! Is he worse?"

"I think, sir, he is dying," said the old man.

"Come with me, sir; you may be of use if you can keep quiet." The doctor caught up his hat as he addressed me in those words, and in a few minutes we had reached The Compensation House. A few seconds more and we were standing in a darkened room on the first floor, and I saw lying on a bed before me—pale, emaciated, and, as it seemed, dying—the man whose story I had just heard.

He was lying with closed eyes when we came into the room, and I had leisure to examine his features. What a tale of misery they told! They were regular and symmetrical in their arrangement, and not without beauty—the beauty of exceeding refinement and delicacy. Force there was none, and perhaps it was to the want of this that the faults—perhaps the crime—which had made the man's life so miserable were to be attributed. Perhaps the crime? Yes, it was not likely that an affliction lifelong and terrible, such as this he had endured, would come upon him unless some misdeed had provoked the punishment. What misdeed we were soon to know.

It sometimes—I think generally—happens that the presence of any one who stands and watches beside a sleeping man will wake him, unless his slumbers are unusually heavy. It was so now. While we looked at him, the sleeper awoke very suddenly and fixed his eyes upon us. He put out his hand and took the doctor's in its feeble grasp. "Who is that?" he asked next, pointing towards me.

"Do you wish him to go? The gentleman knows something of your sufferings and is powerfully interested in your case; but he will leave us, if you wish it," the doctor said.

"No. Let him stay."

Seating myself out of sight, but where I could both see and hear what passed, waited for what should follow. Dr. Garden and John Masey stood beside the bed. There was a moment's pause.

"I want a looking-glass," said Strange, without a word of preface.

We all started to hear him say those words.

"I am dying," said Strange; "will you not grant me my request?"

Doctor Garden whispered to old Masey, and the latter left the room. He was not absent long, having gone no further than the next house. He held an oval-framed mirror in his hand when he returned. A shudder passed through the body of the sick man as he saw it.

"Put it down," he said faintly—"anywhere—for the present."

No one of us spoke. I do not think, in that moment of suspense, that we *could*, any of us have spoken if we had tried.

The sick man tried to raise himself a little. "Prop me up," he said. "I speak with difficulty—I have something to say."

They put pillows behind him, so as to raise his head and body.

"I have presently a use for it," he said, indicating the mirror. "I want to see——" He stopped, and seemed to change his mind. He was sparing of his words. "I want to tell you—all about it." Again he was silent. Then he seemed to make a great effort and spoke once more, beginning very abruptly.

"I loved my wife fondly. I loved her—her name was Lucy. She was English; but, after we were married, we lived long abroad—in Italy. She liked the country, and I liked what she liked. She liked to draw, too, and I got her a master. He was an Italian. I will not give his name. We always called him 'the Master.' A treacherous insidious man this was, and, under cover of his profession, took advantage of his opportunities, and taught my wife to love him—to love him.

"I am short of breath. I need not enter into details as to how I found them out; but I *did* find them out. We were away on a sketching expedition, when I made my discovery. My rage maddened me, and there was one at hand who fomented my madness. My wife had a maid, who, it seemed, had also loved this man—the Master—and had been ill treated and deserted by him. She told me all. She had played the part of go-between—had carried letters. When she told me these things, it was night, in a solitary Italian town, among the mountains. 'He is in his room now,' she said, 'writing to her.'

"A frenzy took possession of me as I listened to those words. I am naturally vindictive—remember that—and now my longing for revenge was like a thirst. Traveling in those lonely regions, I was armed, and when the woman said, 'He is writing to your wife,' I laid hold of my pistols, as by an instinct. It has been some comfort to me since, that I took them both. Perhaps, at that moment, I may have meant fairly by him—meant that we should fight. I do n't know what I meant, quite. The woman's words, 'He is in his own room now, writing to her,' rung in my ears.

The sick man stopped to take breath. It seemed an hour, though it was probably not more than two minutes, before he spoke again.

"I managed to get into his room unobserved. Indeed, he was altogether absorbed in what he was doing. He was sitting at the only table in the room, writing at a traveling-desk, by the light of a single candle. It was a rude dressing-table, and—and before him—exactly before him—there was—there was a looking-glass.

"I stole up behind him as he sat and wrote by the light of the candle. I looked over his shoulder at the letter, and I read, 'Dearest Lucy, my love, my darling.' As I read the words, I pulled the trigger of the pistol I held in my right hand, and killed him—killed him—but, before he died, he looked up once—not at me, but at my image before him in the glass, and his face—such a face—has been there—ever since, and mine—my face—is gone."

He fell back exhausted, and we all pressed forward thinking that he must be dead, he lay so still.

But he had not yet passed away. He revived under the influence of stimulants. He tried to speak, and muttered indistinctly from time to time words of which we could sometimes make no sense. We understood, however, that he had been tried by an Italian tribunal, and had been found guilty; but with such extenuating circumstances that his sentence was commuted to imprisonment, during, we thought we made out, two years. But we could not understand what he said about his wife, though we gathered that she was still alive, from something he whispered to the doctor of there being provision made for her in his will.

He lay in a doze for something more than an hour after he had told his tale; and then he woke up quite suddenly, as he had done when we had first entered the room. He looked round uneasily in all directions, until his eye fell on the looking-glass.

"I want it," he said, hastily; but I noticed that he did not shudder now, as it was brought near. When old Masey approached, holding it in his hand, and crying like a child, Dr. Garden came forward and stood between him and his master, taking the hand of poor Strange in his.

"Is this wise?" he asked. "Is it good, do you think, to revive this misery of your life now, when it is so near its close? The chastisement of your crime," he added, solemnly, "has been a terrible one. Let us hope in God's mercy that your punishment is over."

The dying man raised himself with a last great effort, and looked up at the doctor with such an expression on his face as none of us had seen on any face, before.

"I do hope so," he said, faintly, "but you must let me have my way in this—for if, now, when I look; I see aright once more—I shall then hope yet more strongly—for I shall take it as a sign."

The doctor stood aside without another word, when he heard the dying man speak thus, and the old servant drew near, and, stooping over softly, held the looking-glass before his master. Presently afterwards, we, who stood around looking breathlessly at him, saw such a rapture upon his face, as left no doubt upon our minds that the face which had haunted him so long, had, in his last hour, disappeared. —*Mugby Junction.*

Gems from the Poets.

LOOK THROUGH MAN TO THE CREATOR.

(A reverse of "look through *Nature* up to Nature's God.")

Through *Humanity* look upward,—
  Alter ye the olden plan,—
Look through *Man* to the Creator,
  Maker, Father, God of Man!
Shall imperishable spirit
  Yield to perishable clay?
No sublime o'er Alpine mountains
  Soars the Mind its heavenward way.

Some within the humblest *floweret*,
  "Thoughts too deep for tears" can see,
Oh the humblest *man* existing
  Is a sadder theme to me!
Thus I take the mightier labor
  Of the great Almighty hand:
And through Man to the Creator,
  Upward look, and weeping stand.

Thus I take the mightier labor,
  Crowning glory of his will;
And believe that in the meanest
  Lives a spark of Godhead still:
Something that by Truth expanded,
  Might be fostered into worth;
Something struggling through the darkness,
  Owning an immortal birth."

Charles Swain.

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1869.

THE DOCTRINE OF OUR DIVINE ORIGIN;

ITS AGREEMENT WITH OUR NATURE.

We assert that, to truly feed such a great and unbounded nature as man's is, a religion is required whose views of the origin and destiny of man's spirit shall be as exalted and unbounded as the immensity of his desires. Man needs a religion capable of explaining the affinity of his soul with the majestic and the eternal—one that can also explain why a type of the attributes of Deity is found within him, and tell how it is that such restless and insatiable ambitions are implanted within his nature.

It was one of the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith that all men and women, without exception, are sons and daughters begotten unto the living God, from whom their attributes have been derived; hence their wide and insatiable character.

This doctrine is, to our mind, a simplifying and natural one; for then all the creative, acquisitive and governing powers with which we operate continually on a small scale are seen to be but counterparts of powers which the Creator, in the vast range of his almighty movements, calls into action above, germs and buddings of his Divinity seeking to unfold itself; hence the wonderful variety and scope of such powers. Thus we learn that every true affection of the heart, every natural ambition, every yearning or striving of the spirit is an impulse of that lofty nature we have received from Him, and that all are eternal and inseparable attributes of our endless being, capable of being, and intended to be, infinitely and boundlessly expanded and developed, under the guidance of the Almighty, until the Great Father is glorified and reproduced in the perfections of the hearts, minds, and persons of his children; and, consequently, the reason why, wherever human foot has trod, these impulses and ambitions are found expanding their force within the human breast.

Looking around upon this world—looking back upon man's history, scriptural or "profane," how simplified and intelligible, in this light, does all appear!

Because man has had infused into him the germ of His qualities who is above all, therefore he is independent in his character. He laughs at prison walls, and dares the martyr's flame to rob him of his *will*, and therefore he soars ever after the beautiful, the holy and the true.

Because man is divine in his origin, and has come forth from the Author of creative power, and is necessarily imbued with a love for the mighty and supreme, his soul is stirred by any of the great manifestions of his Father's hand in the natural world.

Because of this oneness of nature, therefore it is thundered in our ears by the Deity, Be ye perfect, even as I, *your Father* in heaven, am perfect! And last, but far from least, because of this great truth, the very code of laws that govern Deity itself will suit us, and are urged upon us by the Lord.

Gloriously does the doctrine of the divine origin of man lift the barriers of darkness from round about our path and destiny, while together to its proof comes rushing from manifold points a scattered mass of testimony. It is seen in the sublime conceptions, the huge efforts and the glories of six thousand years. It is heard also in the responses of the human soul, and found corroborated in the divine teachings of remote and separate ages. Borne on the same tide, and flowing to the same point, come once mysterious movements of the Almighty; and incomprehensible familiarities manifested between God and man—explained and reasonable now. Clothed with point, and filled with something like meaning and purpose, comes now also, in this light, the promise of God to man of "*thrones, dominions, principalities and powers.*" Similarly intelligible and forcible is made the promise that we are to be "*joint heirs* with Jesus Christ," while, as a substantial reality, we can now read those great words—"To him that overcometh will I give to sit down upon my throne, even as I have overcome and sit down on my Father's throne." It takes this principle to make sense of the Gospel propositions and promises; without it, they are absurdities—big words with a milk-and-water meaning.

But it may be said, "How great is the distance between man and his God!" Yes, truly; and so is the distance between the little, sleepy, listless, incapable and helpless being we call an infant, unable to move its own head or frame a single word, compared to man moving in the pride of his physical strength and intellect. And yet that tiny huddled heap of humanity, oh miracle! becomes a man, rears temples, and binds nations together by telegraphic wires!

Yes, the divine origin of man is written in every breast—is seen in the untiring qualities of the mind, ever crying, "On, on to new conquests, new honors, new discoveries and new means for gratification." It was heard in the declaration by man of his own immortality ere the voice of Jesus was heard upon the earth, and it was corroborated, carried on and glorified in his principles and promises when he appeared.

This principle, then, is our natural food. It alone, of all creeds concerning our origin, is in full harmony with the vastness and sweep of our powers and aspirations hence it alone is worthy of us. So natural, so sweet so good, so true does it come to us, that we feel it belongs to us as light belongs to our eyes, and was meant for us as much as the juice of the grape for our lips. In other words, it is calculated to satisfy, develop, brighten and make glorious the powers of man's spirit, and thus produces proof that it was and is a heaven-born truth, sent for man by the same God who made the earth for our feet and light for our grateful eyes.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MAN is eight men, not one man; he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information.—when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle,—when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it who can be witty and something more than witty, who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality and religion, ten thousand times better than wit.—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature.

Sidney Smith.

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY, ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

No. 2.—THE FIRST CHRISTIAN EMPEROR.

After his vision of the cross, Constantine consulted several of the principal teachers of the Christian religion, and publicly avowed a profession of the faith. He thus endeared to himself his veteran soldiers who were mostly Christians, and then he hastened into Italy with his army.

The army of Constantine consisted of 90,000 foot and 8000 horse; but it was at the head of only 40,000 that he marched to meet an enemy four times superior in numbers to his own. But the soldiers of our hero were veterans from Gaul inspired with the faith of a new religion. After storming the city of Susa, Constantine met a numerous army of the Italians on the plains of Turin, which he routed. He afterwards made his entry into the imperial city of Milan, and victory in Italy everywhere followed his conquering host. Armies mighty in numbers and commanded by the flower of the Roman generals were crushed by the valiant Constantine.

At length, the illustrous champion of the cross vanquished Maxentius himself, and entered Rome a conqueror. His was a triumph in the world's history worthy even the immortal Julius Cæsar, whom more than any other till the advent of Napoleon the Great, Constantine resembled.

When Constantine drew nigh to Rome with his veteran army of Christian soldiers, he issued a proclamation to the Romans. He said he came not to make war upon them, but to deliver the capital from the execrable rule of a monster.

Our Christian hero had heard his oracle speak, whether from the heavens or from the temple of his own ambitious soul, it matters not to those who estimate the grand results of ages rather than trifle in quibbles over their uncertain causes. In effect, he had seen his vision, was inspired by its omens, and his legions believing therein, were as a tower of almighty strength around their general. It is the logic and form of facts that tell in the world's great events; and an army inspired with an almost supernatural confidence in divine protection is one of the most stupendous facts; nor is the might of that army less, because of its superstitions and grand fanaticism. Constantine and his army represented that fact; but how stood the case with Maxentius? He, too, sought for oracles and wooed a propitious fate; and just here we have a fine example of superstitions which are as hideous catacombs of mummied nations and superstitions of a new religion, whose very forms of idolatry is pregnant with a living faith.

On one side, we have Constantine and his vision of the cross; on the other. Maxentius inviting victory to his arms by magical services and incantations. He sacrificed lions and caused pregnant women to be opened to examine the children in their wombs, and consulted auguries. The answers were unfavorable, and Maxentius in a panic deserted his palace, and, with his wife and son, retired to a private house. But this prince, whose conduct bears such a marked contrast with that of his heroic rival, sent out his generals with an army of a hundred and sixty thousand infantry and eighteen thousand cavalry to meet the army of Constantine, The vast host of the idolater, passing the Tiber, encountered the soldiers of the Cross and the battle raged.

Meantime Maxentius, kept from the glorious strife of contending hosts by his cowardice and superstition, was giving public games in the circus in honor of his exaltation to the imperial throne. At this moment when the two hostile armies of the empire were engaged and Rome treated to its holiday, a terrible shout from the city shook the circus as the multitude came rushing towards it, "Death to the traitor! Death to the coward and the traitor! Glory to the invincible Constantine!" Rome had mutinied.

Maxentius fled from the circus, and ordered the senators to consult the sybilline books, and was answered that on that very day the enemy of the Romans would perish miserably. Encouraged by this, he left Rome and joined his army which was soon afterwards routed by the legions of Constantine. With his panic-stricken soldiers, he regained the bridge of boats which he had built across the Tiber, and was drowned. The bridge had been treacherously constructed as a snare for his rival's army, but Maxentius himself fell into it. The next day, his body being found, his head was cut off and carried through the streets of Rome on a pike.

Galerius, who still held the rank of the Augusti, had appointed Licinius emperor of the West, but Constantine made common cause with this rival, who had espoused his sister Constantia. Galerius soon afterwards died, and Jovius Maximin succeeded him and affected the title of emperor, but Constantine and his brother-in-law, Licinius, destroyed his army, and thus in A. D. 313 the empire once more became divided between two rulers. Constantine for the West and Licinius for the East.

On the following year, Constantine attempted to overthrow Licinius to unite the empire in himself, but he could only wrest Illyria from him. A peace of nine years was then concluded between the imperial brothers-in-law. During this period, Constantine, like a wise statesman, consolidated his power and effected great radical reforms in the civil, military and judicial administration of the empire.

One of the first acts of Constantine, after his triumph, was to ordain that no criminal should suffer death by crucifixion, which was, undoubtedly, inspired by the sacred awe attached to the Sacrament of the Cross, as well as from motives of humanity. And as early as A. D. 312, he granted toleration to the Christians and restored to them the property which his predecessors had confiscated. Edicts were promulgated declaring that they should be relieved of all their grievances and received into places of trust and authority in the State. Sunday was also set apart and every attempt to restrain the religious liberty of the followers of Christ was punished by the imperial champion of the Cross with severity. Being associated with the State, the new religion spread throughout the whole empire and the power which had been formerly wielded by the pagan priesthood passed now into the hands of the Bishops and clergy of the Christian church.

Licinius, the emperor of the East, on his side, pursued a different policy to that of Constantine, emperor of the West. He sought to renew the persecutions against the Christians, and to rally around him the pagan priests. This Licinius was the son of a peasant of Dacia, who, by his remarkable courage, had won his way to the rank of the Cæsars; but, reaching supreme power over the Eastern division of the empire, he gave himself up to intemperance and shameless excesses. Being himself extremely ignorant, he called literary men "a poison and a public pest," and caused them to be put to death for no other crime than their intellectual manifestations. In this, he did nothing worse than that which many a sovereign pontiff since has done; but Constantine's genius and policy as a statesman led him, like his father, to patronize men of letters, and to act the part of a magnanimous prince. Thus it is fortunate for the world, when these imperial Cæsars—these lions of the earth find their destiny on the side of human progress and the development of new civilizations Their ambitions—aye, their very crimes—

then become glorified in the great results which they work out for mankind.

Constantine, through his wise administration in the State and the army, after a gradual consolidation of his power during the term of peace between himself and his imperial brother-in-law, found himself in a position, in A. D. 322, of carrying out his long cherished design of uniting the empire in his own person. Licinius, by his attempt to repeat the persecutions against the Christians and restore the pagan priesthood, gave the desired opportunity; and, having been conquered by the troops of his brother-in-law, he was beheaded.

Again was the Roman empire consolidated in a successor of Julius Cæsar, and if his reign is marred by the usual acts of conquerors who sweep every obstruction from the path where their vast ambitions lead and crush out the life of their rivals with an iron heel, that reign was glorified by great deeds, wise administrations in the State, and radical reforms. The Roman empire lived again in its fullness of strength, the commonwealth thrived. Yet was he an imperialist, and not a republican, an absolute prince, and not a lover of popular governments. Like the first Cæsar and the last Cæsar—our own Napoleon—he was the outgrowth of republicanism and the elected of the popular voice of the army, but he became himself the very embodiment of empire. For several centuries, the army had been in the habit of putting the State up at a price and chosing their emperors according to this will or caprice; but Constantine now by a superior will brought order out of chaos and constructed a powerful machinery of a regular constitutional government. It was an imperial form, but it was a legitimate form and not an empire merely in name. With a genius for State-building, equal to his genius for conquering, he separated the civil from the military administration, but united both in the hands of the sovereign. Though a warrior by profession and instinct, after his elevation to the supreme power, he applied his great abilities to the work of the commonwealth; and, with the exception of a brief war with the Goths, in A.D. 332, his reign was one of peace and prosperity to the State. He created a heirarchy which has been, from that day, the model of the European monarchies. He organized a standing army of 300,000 men and 29 naval squadrons; and, to support this vast machinery of his empire, he instituted a regular system of finances, and imposed taxation that seemed equitable to the people.

Shortly after the establishment of Christian dominance in the Roman empire, Constantine removed the seat of his government from the capital of the Cæsars to Byzantium, the design being to call the place New Rome, but the name of Constantinople became the denomination of the new capital. This change in the seat of government weakened the fabric of the State, and exposed the Roman empire to a more speedy disolution. The design was for a happier centralization of a dominion which had spread over the world; but this change broke a national unity which was not restored until Charlemagne from the West consolidated a Christendom to succeed that of Constantine the Great.

It was in the reign of the first Christian emperor, (in 325) that the famous Council of Nice was held. The Church, having entered upon a state of grandeur and temporal power gave trouble to the emperor to preserve its harmony. On the one side were proud absolute prelates representing the orthodoxy, on the other, daring innovators. Arius, chief of a new sect of schismatics sprang up, and Eusebius, bishop of Nicomedia, took the innovators under his protection and propogated their doctrines. This prelate drew over to their side Constantina, sister of the emperor; daring bishops favored the schism, and terrible disputes and bloody combats ensued. Constantine, in order to stop the dissension, then convened the first general council of Nice, the Arians were condemned and a form of harmony in the Church was again restored. The chief importance of the council of Nice is in the fact of its being a declared recognition of the Christian Church as the established Church of the empire. From that period dates the union of Church and State.

One of his biographers thus describes our imperial hero:—"This prince had a majestic port and a great soul; he was brave, hardy, provident in his enterprises; but he joined great vices with these good qualities. * * * Constantine truly merited the surname of Great, if we take this epithet in its entire acceptation. What prudence did he not display in avoiding the perils which he encountered on his route towards the empire! What intrepidity in confronting the most frightful perils! What valor in attacking and conquering enemies equally redoubtable for the bravery and the numbers! What courage and wisdom in holding, during thirty years, the reins of an empire which was offered at auction! What consummate skill, to govern in peace so many different people, and to assure their happiness by causing them to submit to equitable laws!"

On the side of his defects, the portrait of Constantine is drawn as an unnatural father who put to death his own son at the instigation of a step-mother, as an inflexible husband, who commanded his wife to be strangled in a bath, as a cruel politician who, from State policy, shed the blood of his nephew, young Licinius. His embracing of Christianity is said to have been also the result of his ambitious policy; and the fact that he did not receive the sacrament of baptism until a few minutes before his death, is instanced by writers as a proof of this. We think, however, that this circumstance is rather a proof of the genuine conversion of Constantine to Christianity in *his form of faith*, if not to the entire sanctification of all the purposes of his life. We are too much in the habit of judging the world's great characters as we would the archangels of heaven, forgetting that the one is human and the other purified and perfected—aye, we say purified, for those very archangels had once in their composition much of dross and evil passions. Ask Lucifer, son of the Morning, if that is not true! On one side, great souls are splendid to the dazzling of ages—to the admiration of worlds. Look on their reverse side: it is dark and forbidding as the wing of Night. Thus was it with the character and life of Constantine the Great; and the fact that, during his sixty years of mortality, he worked to the fulfillment of his *own* imperial programme and only in his last moments, received the sacrament of service to a higher monarch than himself, is at once a characteristic of men of his class and an evidence that his vision of the cross was genuine to him.

Constantine was preparing a war against Persia when he suddenly fell ill and died on the day of Pentecost (A. D. 337), after having been baptised by the bishop of Nicomedia. He was buried in the Church of the apostles at Constantinople.

NOTE.—The author (E. W. Tullidge) of "The World's History, Illustrated in its Great Characters," has opened his encyclopedia of philosophical biographies with Constantine the Great. To make the subject complete, he deemed his four *preliminary* chapters necessary to give the historical linking. Constantine the Great seems to be the proper character to open the *imperial* division of the subject. There are some characters whose very biography is the religious history of the times and who are themselves the souls of their age. Such was Elizabeth of England, whose biography is the world's history illustrated in her. The other half of the Protestant subject is "William the Silent," founder of the Dutch republic. It is such a class of persons that the author has chosen to dramatically illustrate the world's history, which will be an encyclopedia of biographies, not a continuation of chapters.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

The advocates of the combined principles of physiology, phrenology and physiognomy claim that in them is incorporated the true key to the science of mind. The truth or falsity of this assertion, in the opinion of the writer, remains yet to be proved. Arguments and reasons can be adduced in support of either the affirmative or negative side of the question, but, however much we may reason on this or any other subject, in the absence of stern, stubborn facts to demonstrate the matter to a certainty, there must inevitably be doubts remaining to be cleared up. It is also affirmed, by the exponents of the principles alluded to, that every inherent quality of the mind is indicated by a visible outward sign, and that a thorough knowledge of those signs will enable a person to judge their fellow men as easily as they would read a book. If the system is thus perfect, which yet remains to be proven, it would be safe to say that more of ist votaries have attained to a point of perfection to enable them to minutely determine the qualities of mind possessed by individuals, although some doubtless come near the mark in many particulars. It savors too much of egotism to claim infallibility for any system, the perfection of which has not yet been thoroughly manifested. It can, however, be claimed in behalf of phrenology, etc., that the system incorporates many indisputable truths which are simple enough to be tested by anybody of ordinary intelligence. Nearly EVERYBODY IS A PHYSIOGNOMIST AND PHRENOLOGIST, and many unconsciously pride themselves on their proficiency as such. People are often heard to say, "I always form an opinion of a person at first sight." From what are such opinions formed? From impressions made by the subjects of such opinions. Whence come the impressions? They must be derived from something heard, seen or felt. That something must surely be indicative of qualities of mind possessed by the persons who make the impressions. That impressions regarding individuals pass through one or other or all of the senses is evident from the fact that one may stand in close proximity to a person, and if they are not permitted to see, hear or touch them, they will be unable to form a judgment or opinion in relation to the individual. This shows that impressions, good, bad or indifferent, are generally caused by external indications, although an observer of individualities may be unconscious of this fact through ignorance of the means through which his impressions are derived. Although this is the case, yet there is doubtless a higher method of gauging human character and capacity than that which is manifested through the outward senses by external indications. It is a surer method than the application of the principles of phrenology, etc. "It is a more sure word of prophecy." The name most befitting the inestimable gift would be SPIRITUAL DISCERNMENT.

This is a special gift of the Almighty, and is generally bestowed on those of a highly susceptible and spiritual nature. Such are not dependent upon the outward senses to "judge a righteous judgment," for even if not otherwise aware of the proximity of individuals or spirits, they can "feel their presence." This was the gift exercised by the Savior when He read the very thoughts that were passing through the minds of those with whom he associated. It is a power that can scarcely be explained and certainly cannot be understood except by those who have, in some degree, experienced and enjoyed it. When compared with this power, the attainments to be arrived at through phrenology, etc., are as nothing. Therefore, whatever ideas the writer may give in relation to the best mode of judging capacity, etc., let it be understood that he does not claim infallibility for the system and is far from laying such claim for the ideas he may advance, realizing that he knows but little. However, having been requested to write something on the subject, he will endeavor to do so; but, on account of his limited knowledge, his productions will necessarily be somewhat fragmentary.

To be Continued.

Correspondence, Etc.

[NOTE.—Under this heading we insert small, unpretending compositions, that lay no special claim to literary ability, but which are sent with a desire to give variety and a home character to our columns.]

The following, for an unpretending effusion, has some good points. The writer should try again:

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER—TO MOTHER.

Dear Mother, take comfort, let your bright eye be tearless,
Lament not the loss of your darling who 's gone;
Far remote from earth's din, in the angels' bright dwelling,
My young heart is beating in love with your own.

In solitude lonely, bid Father be cheerful—
I know that his heart ofttimes aches for his boy;
Drive the dark clouds away that around him are hovering,
His sorrow is deep—he 's a stranger to joy.

My Brother I left on the earth—how I love him!
In infancy's home, I remember that he
Was indulgent and kind—ever truthful and loving—
Ask him, dear Mother, does he think about me.

You ask me, dear Mother, if I 'm happy—and wonder
Who cares for your boy in his new home above
'Mong blest ones in glory—I 'm a gem in the circle,
Where innocence basks in the sunshine of love.

On the rough track of life, with the eye of an angel,
I 'll watch you, dear mother, where e'er you may roam
And when in ripe years you have ended your journey,
To a bright world above I shall welcome you home.

The ties that unite us are strong and enduring,
Our love for each other no power can destroy;
Though my life on the earth pass'd away like a shadow,
I shall be for ever your own darling boy.

ALEXANDER ROSS.

Morgan City, March 10th, 1869.

THE BOOK OF MORMON.

Now cometh the record once written on gold,
That angels from heaven rejoice to unfold,
'Tis clear as the crystal and bright as the light
When morning streams over the shadows of night.

A whisper of words that have slept in the dust,
Yet graven on plates never dimmed by the rust;
They rise from their tomb as the righteous awoke,
When Jesus their slumbers of darkness had broke.

The peal of the thunder that told of his death,
The voice of the stormy wind's hurrying breath,
And sweetness of accents that dropped as he came,
To heal all the sick, and the blind and the lame.

Let glory be sung in the lands of our birth,
That God has presented this book to the earth—
A beacon that ages unborn will yet bless—
A standard to gather the poor from distress.

JABEZ WOODARD.

Music and the Drama.

THE HEART THAT SINGS.

We remember an anecdote of one of the world's great singers that has in it a pretty moral. In his boyhood, his ear was so finely attuned that he could not endure the least discord. His father also possessed a magnificent voice, and his brothers were fine singers. So they often held in the evening, family concerts to the admiration of hundreds of passers-by. The youngest was the one who afterwards became celebrated as a singer, and his brothers were not of the same mother. It happened that *his* mother, poor soul, had no voice to sing, but she had a heart attuned to the praises and glory of God. Now the music sung at evening by the family was always sacred, for the Patriarch of the household was a very Abraham in his religious character, and his wife was a Sarah, possessing "the heart that sings," and an only son. The youngest led as the "soprano boy" the patriarch whose voice at seventy was like a trumpet in its tones and as flexible as a woman's, also sung the "soprano" and the brothers tenor and bass. But the mother—the Sarah of the family—could she be left out of the evening concerts of praise and glory to God, when she was gifted with the "heart that sings" and the soul which in praise, worships the Creator? No, the mother could not be silent; her part had to be rendered also; but the ear of her boy Isaac could not endure his mother's discord; and so after a while, he would exclaim, disgusted, "Mother, be quiet; do n't make such a noise; you put us out of tune." Sarah would burst into tears to hear her Isaac thus chide, for her soul was in tune, if her voice was in discord. "Isaac, Isaac," Abraham would say, "let your poor mother sing; *her heart sings!*"

Now, there is in a city with twenty thousand God-fearing people ten thousand voices that can sing in tune and thousands besides whose hearts are in tune to the praise and glory of God, though their voices would make some little discord. Wherefore, then, should not the ten thousand *voices* sing the praises of their God in the sacred songs and hymns of the Church? Wherefore should not the twenty thousand *hearts* that sing all join in to swell the theme of worship? Think you not there is many a Sarah in Israel whose poor heart is made very dull when that heart has the hymn of praise in it big with speech, but must not give it vent lest some Isaac should chide—"Do n't make that noise, you put us out of tune." How is it, moreover, when a deathlike silence sits upon ten thousand hearts that can sing with ten thousand voices that could, with a fair training of congregational singing, swell out a sonorous harmony to *fill* the great tabernacle of the congregation with a *volume* of praise, joined in by "every heart that sings." And if there are good mother Sarahs, whose voices make some little discord, can 't father Abraham's voice and Judah's voice and Reuben's voice and Isaac's trumpet-tones drown it in the harmony? We object to the great singer Isaac having all the song to himself, and to his rebuke—"Do n't make such a noise, you put us out of tune!"

SHAKSPEARE'S WITCHES.

Shakspeare's Witches are not mere hags, but supernatural beings; yet the subject is so nicely managed that these unreal things not only originate the theme and shape the action, but they themselves form so much of the body of the play.—They are as much realities upon the stage as Macbeth and Banquo. Thus our dramatist has brought into palpable relation, performing before the audience, the beings of two worlds. Herein is Shakspeare's triumph, that he has given his spirits a dramatic *substance*.

There are other pieces put upon the stage in which the deities of mythology are introduced, but they never impress the audience with the feeling of reality. We see in them nothing but old classical references. They are more of the fairy class of pieces, suitable only for the Christmas holidays, and are not presentable as solid dramatic performances. This is somewhat the case with Shakspeare's play of the "Tempest," which, if presented at all with due effect, requires all that a Charles Kean can do for it in fairy-like embellishments. In this drama of magic, Shakspeare has not evolved a legitimate subject of supernatural beings entering into the action of human life. They smack too much of a defunct mythology. They are Homeric in their class and references, without, to us, the reality of personages, which made them to the Greeks much what the God of Israel and his angels were to the Hebrews—at once a part of their religion and their history. Iris, Ceres, Juno, nymphs, etc., are introduced, but they are too remote from the class of spirits, either good or evil, who will harmonize with the Hebrew or Christian theology, and they take too little hold of the superstitions of modern times. A fiction of supernatural beings brought into a modern play must be in harmony with the theology and superstitions of the times. It must be decidedly of Hebrew or Christian origin. Our poet evidently felt much of this when composing the "Tempest," which called forth from Prospero, as an apology for the creatures of his magic charms, one of Shakspeare's most splendid passages, in which we here get a deep vein of *our own* metaphysics:

> These our actors,
> As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
> Are melted into air, into thin air:
> And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
> The cloud-capped towers, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
> And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

But in the play of Macbeth, though the witches also melt into thin air, yet we have *substance* in effects. Between its supernatural beings and action and our own spiritual essence and drama of life, there is both a metaphysical and common harmony. The audience has almost as intense a relation with the superhuman of the play as Macbeth himself. In it, we have the souls of evil incarnating themselves in the drama of human affairs, and the duplex subject held between the beings of two worlds move together in the unity of a common action. They are not far removed from our own race, but seem like the spirits of evil beings who once were mortals, now continuing their wicked parts in the other world, manifesting themselves through the mediums of this. They are still taking part with us on earth; and their is a fiendish attachment in them toward mortal existence and acts, as though the drama of this life was also theirs in its relations and issues. They are neither the offspring of heaven nor hell, but as the incorporeal evil powers of the earth. The weird sisters are typed more from the Witch of Endor than from the heathen deities; and they are made more modern in their character and tone. Indeed, this famous Witch of Israel, who was potent enough to call up the spirit of Samuel, might very consistently, in the supernatural fiction of Macbeth, be given a leading character among the weird sisters. They also remind us of the evil spirits who of old are said to have possessed people, and who, up to this day, are believed to have often insinuated themselves into human tabernacles, and more frequently, in fact generally, to have influenced human action. These seemed to have such a predisposition for the tabernacles of flesh, that, when they were cast out of men, they implored Jesus to let them enter into the herd of swine, which, doubtless, was in our poet's mind, for he makes one of the sisters answer the other that she had been

> Killing swine.

Moreover, in the present day, in this age of Spiritualism, when millions upon millions of people firmly believe that departed spirits take part still in our affairs, and manifest themselves through various ways and many mediums, Shakspeare's dramatic fiction, bringing into the play of Macbeth a class of spirits of the type of the Witch of Endor, is very effective and matter-of-fact-like.

It is just this taking hold of the religious faith and superstitions of the people that makes the supernatural part of Macbeth so effective upon the stage; for, in all ages, the belief has obtained that the evil powers do work up the direful events among mortals, and that the agencies of darkness have the mission to tempt souls to their ruin. In thus giving his supernatural beings a semi-human character, and making them so intensely a part, though the evil part, of the spiritual agencies of our own world—in making them so tangibly related to our witches of Endor, and surrounding them with so much reference in our theology and superstition, our great poet has been most happy.

THE DRAMA IN UTAH.—The development of the dramatic art has formed in the history of Utah a page of its social progress. When our theatre first lifted its stately form we said, "There is a gigantic prophecy materialized to the senses." We made a record of the thought in our dramatic history, and the extensive notice which our theatre has received from visitors since that period has abundantly verified that prophecy. The present age can understand the symbols of art and science when it fails to appreciate our peculiar religion.

The theatre is a humanizing institution. It is a breaker down of the barriers of sectarianism. It is not a religious house, but a public sanctuary—a temple of art, and art is universalism.

We have claimed for the drama a mission, and think it much the better policy to rank it high, morally and intellectually, than to rank it low in the scale. It has fulfilled a mission in Utah. In 1862, when our theatre opened, there was scarcely a professional person in our midst. But to-day we have musicians, actors, actresses, painters, editors and authors, occupying an acknowledged legitimate sphere. The theatre is not to be credited with the whole of these results; but the results which we see prove that with us, as in every nation, the professions spring up together; that of the stage is among the first. It has fulfilled its sphere in Utah, and we give to it due credit, without designing more.

Our Home Humorists.

THE ODDITIES AND HUMBUGS OF LIFE,

CONTINUED AND COMPLETED.

BY QUIZ.

It is a long time now since Quiz, in the fullness of his soul, commenced to enlighten the public on the nature of Humbugs in general. He had given the subject up for a time, but Humbug is too important a subject to pass over lightly; he therefore returns, determined to give the reader (who is, of course, no humbug), the benefit of his vast experience on the subject. For the sake of those not personally acquainted with the lucubrations of his gigantic brain, he begins again at the beginning, with the charitable purpose of never stopping again until he has exposed everybody but himself.

Fearful lest we hurt anybody of too delicate a texture, we now present our pathetic preface as of old.

The oddities and humbugs of human life constitute our theme—those petty and unobserved weaknesses that exist in each of us, known well enough to everybody but ourselves. These we shall seek to point out—to portray; that, seeing, we may avoid. Only one thing at the start we must set down, and most positively insist upon, if we never have our own way again as long as we live, whatever we paint, whatever we portray, we never by any means refer to—the reader.

It was our practise when we were a little boy, (we never were a big one, we took to being a man directly after that), to stand inside the porches of house doors in the big city of London and watch the passers-by. Here we made our first acquaintanceship with the "oddities of life," but they were of a peculiar kind; that strange conglomerated crowd embracing every variety of the human species, running after money and dear life in one of the world's large cities; oddities of costume, carriage, countenance, and gesture—oddities slovenly, smart, dandified, neat or showy, knowing, gawking, contemplating, quizzing, manly, dignified, easy, awkward and affected; some of these we may succeed in portraying.

Another feature of our experience, however, did not lie in the mere oddities of life, but in a department with a harder name—the humbugs of life; their name is legion—humbugs imposed on society—humbugs imposed on one's self. At these we propose to let fly the satirist's shaft.

There are, doubtless, individuals in this community, as everywhere else, good illustrations of each species of character we shall introduce. We shall not aim at them, but at the class, and if individuals belong to such class, we cannot help it; we wish they did n't.

"THE PUBLIC WANT."

One of the most prominent and soul-comforting facts discovered by Quiz, shortly after entering life, was revealed in the pleasing assurance imparted to him all round, that nobody ever did anything specially for their own glory or good, but all that was done, whether in the way of private or public enterprise by anybody, was most decidedly originated and carried on solely for the welfare of the public at large. This delightful fact was soon impressed upon my youthful understanding in a variety of ways. I learned it from my first schoolmaster. This generous man, as he informed us in a little circular upon his taking "Barking House Academy," had felt moved thereto by "an earnest desire for the welfare of the children of the neighborhood," and not in the least by any reference to sundry shillings which the urchins were to pay him per week. Hardly had I got over the infliction of so much uncalled-for benevolence upon my youthful person before I found that all my school-books, from the primer upwards, had been written for me on the same principle. Every author, as was most prominently manifested in his preface, had observed that the last author of a similar work had failed to make the spelling of d-o-g dog and c-a-t cat, sufficiently clear to my youthful comprehension, or he had noticed, with sorrow of spirit, that the picture of the cat alphabetically accompanying the big letter C, was too much like a dog to do any good, "with a view, therefore, to remedy this defect and to meet the necessities of the public," (not his necessities by any means) he had sacrificed his time to get out a better book.

Could I fail to believe under these circumstances, in the intense moral elevation of the world in which I had so recently arrived? Especially, in after years, when I learned that the same reckless expenditure of benevolence had been going on long before I was born, for the very clergyman who married my parents had "taken up his cross," in accepting six thousand dollars per year, most particularly with a view that such young rascals as myself might in a legal and proper way become a resident of this particular section of the solar system.

But clergymen and schoolmasters were not the only individuals, I discovered, who were living perpetually on the altar of sacrifice. No indeed! the whole neighborhood were affected with the same sacrificial spirit. Store-keepers sold at alarming sacrifices—selling "below prime cost" was the natural bent of their disposition. They could n't help it! A man cannot go against his nature, hence they never made anything, except it was accidentally or through subordinates against their strict orders. The very keepers of common ale houses—sellers of Alton ale, a species of drink popular with many in England—modestly unfolded their unpretentious desires in the following interesting disclosure: "Established to supply the public with pure Alton ale." Was it not good to go to all the trouble of establishing themselves that a thirsty public might have pure Alton ale? Why not let them get it how they could? Simply because the overflowings of their generous natures drowned every other consideration. Yet infatuated clergymen were at that very time insisting upon the fallen nature of man and its tendency to evil, when here was alehouse nature, to say the least, wastefully throwing itself away, for no other purpose in the world than that an ungrateful public—from whom of course they never expected the least return—might be supplied with Alton ale in purity. Is it wonderful, that finding myself surrounded with so much philanthropy, I determined upon going into the same business myself?

If these things had not been sufficient to give my youthful mind that philanthropic bias for which all the Quizes have been so eminently distinguished, and which philanthropy is now expending itself in these very articles—published solely for public good—I should have, of necessity, caught the disease, when on going out into "the wide, wide world"—the very widest with which I am at any rate personally acquainted—a few years after, I found myself floundering in such a sea of general benevolence that if I am not full of the same commodity I certainly ought to be. I very soon found that every newspaper or magazine published in the world had been set on foot not for money—certainly not—but, as the prospectus said, to "meet a want long felt in that department." In fact it was this very principle that led to the publishing of *this* magazine; and this, of course, constitutes the great difference, between our paper and all the papers previously published in this place.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;
OR,
NOT ALL DROSS.

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE TEMPTER AND THE FOSTER-BROTHER.

Beppo, the foster-brother of Terese, though a peasant and bearing a name common enough for any ragged bandit, had become, since we introduced him, a higher type of character than when he first struck our attention. His essential character, now he had become a man, was the same as when a boy, but it had become elaborated and of a finer texture. He was Beppo still, but Beppo in a higher form, with considerable polish and education. The Italian nature is very susceptible of being drawn out and elaborated into artistic character. Italy creates a new nobility—sends to every civilized nation an aristocracy of *artistes*, especially of the empire of music. What wonder, then, that Beppo should, like his foster-sister, have become one of them? What wonder that he should now be the principal *tenore* at the opera house, where his foster-sister was *prima donna?*

What has made this transformation in this wild boy's nature? What has made him an *artiste*, when not unlikely he would have become one of the banditti, whom he used to visit in the mountains when Terese was offended with him? What had transformed Beppo—the would-have-been bandit—to the principal tenor singer of that opera house? The same magician who had half created the Terese, whom Rome worshipped, and who gave to her the sceptre of song. 'T was the magician Love! Here let the transformed foster-brother appear on the afternoon of the evening of the performance of *Terese's* opera, related in a former chapter.

By that beautiful villa on the suburbs of Rome, where lived Spontini and his pupil, the *prima donna*, loitered the foster-brother of Terese. His mood was not in keeping with the soft sunny serenity around, which seemed like the halo of paradise fringing that abode of art. Beppo, who had become known to the public as Signor Farinelli, was a shade in that bright-looking landscape. Imagine him as a Cain, or an Esau or Ishmael, brooding in moody jealousy over his birth-right. Walter was the Jacob who had wrestled and prevailed. Not that Sir Walter had sought the maiden's love, though as we have seen from their first meeting, he became the master of her soul and fate.

As a boy, Beppo was Terese's slave. As a man to be her slave still, as then, took in every desire and hope of his life. To be her slave but blessed with more of her love than others held, he would have sold his soul to the Arch Tempter of mankind. Until Sir Walter Templar came, this was now he stood with his foster-sister, for she loved the passionate jealous Beppo more than any other. But Walter Templar came, and how could stand her slave beside her master?

Within that beautiful abode of art on the suburbs of Rome, and sitting in the music room, were Sir Walter Templar and the *prima donna*. Terese had requested him to sing to her from Spontini's opera, *La Vestale*. Without, near the window, in a dark, passionate jealousy, listening, was the foster-brother, Signor Farinelli. Perhaps there was the mingled passion of a two-fold jealousy in his soul, for Walter's voice was superior to his own, both in quality and power, and especially in its majestic declamatory capacity.

"Holy Virgin, I shall go mad!" burst from the tortured soul of the foster-brother. "Oh! that he had never darkened our path. I hate his very shadow, for it blackens the whole prospect of my life. From the hour he came to our quiet, beautiful village that gave birth to Terese and me—oh! from that accursed hour he has been my fate as well as hers. Often have I been tempted to plunge my dagger into his heart, yet somehow, I dare not; Terese would have suspected me. She, I know, has read my deep love for her. Holy Mother, how deep is the poor foster-brother's love for Terese! I have educated myself for her, and like her, have won the sphere of a principal singer. Mother of God, what a voice my rival has! It makes me tremble as I listen. I was but a fool to think of matching him, and by keeping pace with her, win her back from him. He is betrothed to his cousin, that I know. That would leave Terese to me still. 'T is not the custom for noblemen to marry peasant girls, nor *artistes* of the stage. They make right gallant lovers, but not husbands. By the God who made me, if Sir Walter Templar wrongs my foster-sister, I will plunge my dagger into his heart, if I follow him through the world. I could forgive his marrying her, for she loves him and would be happy; and oh, Holy Mother! Beppo would not have his foster-sister sacrificed to secure his own happiness; but I would not forgive him if he trifled with her. Oh, I would deeply avenge Terese, if Sir Walter Templar played her false."

The poor foster-brother of the Hebrew maiden was "not all dross." He was, as a boy, ungovernable in his passions and was still gloomy and jealous in his character, but his deep and genuine love for his foster-sister redeemed him and created the "soul of goodness in things evil." Terese's happiness was more to him than his own, and though he would have bartered his soul to make her his bride, yet if it could not be otherwise, to see her happy he would have her Sir Walter Templar's honored wife. In view of this, the hopeless foster-brother would often in his solitary ramblings murmur:

"I shall never know wife nor children of mine. I have loved Terese since I rocked her in her cradle. All my thoughts, feelings and actions have been hers. I was her slave, am her slave, must ever remain her slave. Oh, I can never wed another! I hate all the world in my love for her. Would to the Holy Virgin they had never met, and then Terese had been the wife of her foster brother. But she never can love me now as she does him. I know it. I must be her slave still, for I love her as she does Sir Walter Templar. Well, she will be a titled lady. I ought not to complain. I shall be wifeless and childless, but I will nurse *her* children, and give to them my love for their mother."

Such were often the musings of the foster-brother's solitary ramblings. Like all persons of a moody, hopeless or misanthropic character, solitude to him was nature's ruling institution. Men who hold but little communion with others often "talk to themselves," and he did that afternoon, as he listened outside that paradise of art, on the suburbs of Rome, to the magnificent voice of Sir Walter.

Ha! and there were others who, on that sun-bright afternoon, loitered near that Eden, in which dwelt Walter and Terese, with their friend Lord Frederick and guardian master Spontini.

Softly one approached the foster-brother. Sir Herbert was near, and the expression of his countenance was full of wickedness and beclouded with plots. Softer and more insinuating than the master was the approach of the mentor. *His* face was no index of present plots or designs of evil against any one. There was the stamp of wickedness on his countenance it is true, but it was an insinuating wickedness, which suggested that he would consummate his villainy without any personal ill-will to his victims. He was a very Mephistopheles in type.

"Signor Farinelli!"

So softly was his name spoken that the foster-brother was but half aroused from his self-abstraction.

"Signor Farinelli," again was insinuatingly uttered by the mentor.

"Well, Signor. Your business with me."

"My good Signor Farinelli, excuse me if I break upon your study."

"I am but a listener, Signor."

"Like myself, Signor Farinelli, or I would not have addressed you. Had you been rehearsing—oh, in that case, Signor, I would not cheat the musical world of Rome to-night of one of your brilliant effects."

"Your business, Signor, I say. Flattery is distasteful," said the singer, somewhat rudely.

"I hope I have not offended, Farinelli."

"Nor pleased nor offended. Good day, Signor. I see you have no real business with me. I am not disposed for idle gossip."

"Courteous Farinelli, one simple question, I pray you," put in Sir Herbert.

"Well, Signor stranger, I listen."

"Will you have the politeness to name the fellow pupil of the enchanting Terese?"

"What is Terese to you, Signor? I know you gallants. She is my foster-sister, signor. I warn you she likes not your dulcet tongue, gallants. You had better not begin the chase."

"Ha! Farinelli suspicious, watchful. Your foster-sister! Ha, ha! Signor! Are you not jealous, then, of that dark young English nobleman, with his splendid voice? By the Pope! Signor Farinelli, his voice rivals your own."

"Doubtless our *prima tenore* was in a trance of admiration of his rival's voice, Sir Herbert. Let us retire, we break the spell," insinuated Snap.

The foster-brother became dark as a thunder-cloud with pas-

sion, and threateningly clutched his dagger. But this was what the master and his *valet* had aimed for. They had taken the cue at once to the singer's love for his foster-sister.

"Frown not so fiercely, Signor; I love not your rival, man."

"Beware, sir stranger! How know you he is my rival? Terese is only my foster-sister."

"I say he is your rival. Clutch not your dagger so threateningly. See you not that my servant is prepared to send a bullet through your head before you could strike? I will tell you a secret, Farinelli. I hate Sir Walter Templar as much as you can hate him. He is in the way of both of us, my good Farinelli. Do you understand me? Ha! I see you do. A fortuneless singer, even of your abilities, is no equal, single-handed, for a wealthy English nobleman—aye, and with such a voice, too. But I will help you, my good friend. By the Pope! Sir Walter Templar managed, as we will manage him together, Farinelli, and you would wed your foster-sister—the enchanting Terese."

The tempter's insidious speech evidently had its effect upon the singer, but without reply he turned and abruptly left Sir Walter and his *valet*.

"Snap, you observant rascal, we have caught the right cue. Eh, you admirable prince of villainy, what think you? Is not the fellow-pupil of the *prima donna* Sir Walter Templar?"

"Sir Walter Templar is the fellow-pupil of the *prima donna*, Sir Herbert."

"And the foster-brother?"

"Loves Terese, Sir Herbert."

"We shall mould him to our purpose. Eh, Snap?"

"We shall mould him to our purpose, Sir Herbert."

Evidently the master was elated with a wicked satisfaction at finding what, he had no doubt, would be a trump card in the singer, to play against Sir Walter Templar: but Snap—you could not move that genuine villain. He went into wickedness and dark plots with as much unconcern as he would take his breakfast. He answered his master with his peculiar, soft, insinuating manner and voice.

"You think, you match for Satan, that we shall be able to mould this jealous foster-brother?"

"I think we shall be able to mould this foster-brother, Sir Herbert."

"By the fiend! he is a lucky trump in our hands."

"Very lucky trump, Sir Herbert."

Snap was not a man of many words, except when needed, and then he had a tongue which could "wheedle the devil." When he agreed with his master, he was in the habit of repeating his words in the affirmative.

Once again that day the tempter found the foster-brother in a fitting mood for his dark purposes. It was after the successful performance of Terese's opera.

Half hid behind the carriage of Terese at the opera house door was the foster-brother, whose keen, jealous ear caught the few expressive words which passed between Sir Walter Templar and Terese. As the carriage drove away with Spontini and his successful pupil, Signor Farinelli retreated into the darkness, muttering:

"Ha! There is another who knows the secret of that opera. Another who knows it is her own history."

"So, so," whispered the tempter in the ear of his *valet* Snap, "'t is the *prima donna's* own history."

"And Sir Walter the hero, Sir Herbert."

"The foster-brother is in a proper mood, Snap."

"Very proper mood, Sir Herbert."

The tempter and his master were concealed in the darkness and had allowed the singer to advance a few steps during their soft whispering. They quickened their pace and in a moment were beside Farinelli. Laying his hand upon the young Italian's shoulder with tempting softness, which scarcely startled him, he whispered:

"Sir Walter Templar will take his fair prize from your native Italy to his own land unless we prevent him."

The foster-brother writhed with agony.

"He will wed her who would have been your wife, had he never met her."

"Tempter, leave me! I will not obey you."

"I think he will *not* wed her. I believe I erred when I said Sir Walter Templar would marry the *prima donna*. He will make her his mistress, good Farinelli."

The singer stopped as if struck by a thunderbolt, quivering in every nerve.

"She loves him, Farinelli," added Sir Herbert, who saw that Snap had struck deep, perhaps into an old wound. "She loves him. That opera which I heard you mutter concealed her history: shows Sir Walter Templar's influence over her. He cannot wed her, if he would, for he is betrothed to his cousin, Eleanor Courtney. That I know, for I have made myself acquainted with his family items. I say, Farinelli, he cannot wed her, even if he would; but not unlikely he loves the *prima donna*. Now, my dear Farinelli, unless we separate them, Terese, loving Walter Templar, and he loving her, yet wedding his cousin, what follows? She will become his mistress."

The foster-brother, with a cry of rage, sprang upon the tempter, and seized him by the throat and hissed into his ear:

"Devil! slandering, plausible villain, I would deal with him thus as I deal with you until I had his life, or I would plunge my dagger into his heart, as I am tempted to do into thine, before this should happen. Think you I do not watch and guard her, fool?"

In spite of Sir Herbert's struggles, the foster-brother held him in a grip of iron, and had not Snap been but a few steps behind, he might in his rage have done more than he designed and strangled him outright.

"Loose your hold, good Signor," and Snap brought the cold muzzle of his pistol to the singer's temples.

"Quick, loose your hold, or your brains will be scattered upon the ground."

The voice of Snap, which had not lost its soft insinuation, even in such an exciting moment, brought Farinelli to himself and he released his grip upon Sir Herbert's throat. The baronet, half strangled, was caught by his *valet* and the singer walked on.

"Good night, Signor Farinelli. I shall have the pleasure of your acquaintance when you are in a more amiable mood."

"Damnation! Your pistol, Snap. I will put a bullet through him."

"Not so, Sir Herbert, I like it. Not comfortable to you, of course. Imagine Sir Walter in his grip and Farinelli's dagger in his heart."

"But, curse him, I never forgave a blow."

"He did not give one, Sir Herbert."

"The furies take him, he nearly strangled me."

"He was showing you how he intended to do with Sir Walter."

"I will punish him for this."

"So would I; but use him first, Sir Herbert."

"But shall we be able to mould him to our purpose, Snap?"

"Yes. What you insinuated to him was so probable. Why, he was nearly the death of yourself at the bare suggestion. He will look at the picture you gave him until he believes it reality, and then for the sticking point, Sir Herbert."

CHAPTER XIV.

LOVE IN A LABYRINTH.

Morning is awaking. It is three o'clock of that to-morrow promised to Terese, and the soul of Sir Walter Templar is revolving in chaos.

Well has the immortal Shakspeare given as the mission of the drama to hold the mirror up to nature. In that mirror upon the operatic stage, Walter and his friend had reviewed the history of the last four years, saw it with a new light and was startled by the revelations which it made. Even the light-hearted Fred viewed that romance which had been so innocent and delightful to them, with a sad and serious spirit; and as he laid for several hours upon his bed, thoughtfully watching his troubled friend who sat by his writing table motionless, manifesting scarcely an external sign of life, young De Lacy wondered concerning the doubtful future. So strongly internal was the manifestion of Sir Walter's thoughts and feelings, that it seemed almost as if life was suspended; but there was nothing rigid and marble-like in his appearance. There he sat for hours, a soft, drooping, motionless figure, whose suspended life had retired within itself—as a mourner whose soul had entered into the holy of holies of its own nature, to weep unseen for itself and others.

Close upon three in the morning and Fred is in peaceful unconsciousness of sweet repose, but Walter is showing signs of restlessness. Excepting the silent grasp of Fred's hand on their way home, it is the first physical expression of his thoughts and feelings since he parted with Terese at the carriage door at the opera house, with the implied promise that to-morrow the issue to himself and her should be known.

Three in the morning of that promised to-morrow, and it is evident from the acute expression of pain, care of thought and profound trouble seen strongly marked upon Sir Walter's dark intellectual countenance, that there has come not only the crisis in the life of Terese, but also that in the life of Walter Templar. He has been straining his mental gaze since the revelation of last night with such an intensity of thoughtful power that had almost

suspended physical animation, but it is three in the morning and no morning star of the happiness of himself and the Hebrew maiden had appeared. Fredhad often of late felt a presentiment of some unknown crisis, which might change the character and life of Sir Walter from its resemblance to glorious moon-illuminated, star-bespangled Night, to Night shorn of her glory and awful in her uncertainty.

Terese is on the altar and if she is consumed, it will be by a holy love growing out of a beautiful, gifted nature, orphan surroundings, and daily associations with a master spirit. Walter is now also upon the altar; and if he is consumed, it will be by the divinest fires and noblest passions of his soul. Will stern fate demand the sacrifice of both, or will she save them both? Shall they be consumed upon the altar built up by the purest of generous youth's intentions and the dear associations of four years, which genius had hallowed and angels would have shared? It is three in the morning and Walter Templar cannot answer—cannot prognosticate his fate and hers.

Three in the morning of that to-morrow is passed and a change has come over the life of Sir Walter Templar. He no longer presents the appearance of soft, drooping, motionless, thoughtful, melancholy—a mourning soul who had entered into its holy of holies to weep. He better resembles chaos now. His profound and subtle mind had been following the intricacies and difficulties of the case of Terese and himself, and the crossings which has met him in every path of their future, has brought him out of a deep calm into a tempestuous ocean.

"O Fred, my friend—my brother, how peaceful thou sleepest, dreaming perchance of happiness with thy betrothed, while the companions of that romance so pleasing to thee are upon the rack. The brightness of thy picture makes mine blacker by contrast. O Terese, Terese!"

He stole softly from his chamber, which had become oppressive. Sleep with the elements of his soul tempestuous and his mind upon the rack? Nay, that was impossible. As well bid the ship in the mightiest storm to rest in motionless quiet, or the raging elements of that storm itself to tranquil peace, as to bid Sir Walter Templar now to sleep. Into the garden—into the garden, Walter Templar. Vent—vent for thy feelings and thoughts—vent—vent to the chaos and storm within thy soul!"

"O Walter, Walter! how is it with thee? Beloved of the soul of Terese! how is it with thee?" wailed the Hebrew maiden upon her sleepless couch.

Where is thy Walter, maiden? How is it with him? It is dark without, no moon, no star in the sky. 'Tis four in the morning of that promised to-morrow, maiden, and thy Walter is in the garden. All without is clothed with the thick drapery of darkness, for it is the black season of the year. Thy Walter is in the garden, Terese, waiting for morning of the promised to-morrow, in a fever of mind and impatience to speak with thee of the issue to himself and thee. It is four in the morning, but morning seems not to have come. Ominous to thy beloved and thee! Dark is the season of the year; dark is nature without; in the sky no moon or star! Such is thy Walter in the garden, maiden. How shalt thou be illuminated then.

"He will not spurn the offering because Terese is a peasant child, and he a wealthy noble, of proud, wealthy England, nor that I am a daughter of a despised outcast people!"

Terese had repeated this assurance to herself many times, for in it she found the consolation of certainty. Walter, with his somewhat heterodox and defiant character, which made him disposed to do what others would not do on the side of nature's claims and the ingenuousness of unartificial man, would, she well knew, choose her sooner for what she was, and what they had been together in the past, than he would had she been an empress.

One of his outbursts of soliloquy as he paced the garden-walk, illustrates the correctness of the maiden's view of the character of Sir Walter Templar.

"Pshaw! Tell me not of propriety! The propriety of our past is here—here in my own heart. I had power to win a young girl's heart—I had one myself to lose! There lies the wrong, the only impropriety to me; and to this I was blind—blind so long, perhaps, because blindness was bliss, and the revelation of light our darkness made visible. All other impropriety I would have spoken away with a word. I would have said, Terese, be my wife! I would have said to the world, Terese, the gifted maiden, is my wife! Had they told me 'she is a peasant girl,' I would have answered, 'she is a child of genius.' I would say to those who deemed that character plebeian, 'Terese is the wife of Sir Walter Templar;' aye, and I would have maintained her in that quality, at least, against all gainsayers of my class. Oh! but while I was blind to the future, which this revelation of love would have made gloriously illuminative, there was hid behind the curtain of blissful companionship with Terese, the betrothal of my cousin and the expectations of my family. This has changed a bright opening day of love which I saw not, yet felt its blessedness into a dark future which I dreamt not of."

That alone was the view that made all dark to Walter Templar: that was the threatening cloud which Terese beheld and trembled as she gazed. In its darkness and the crossings in their path, love was lost in the labyrinth.

CHAPTER XV.

ELEANOR THE BETROTHED: TERESE THE BELOVED.

Eleanor Courtney, his cousin, was the betrothed of young Sir Walter Templar. His parents and uncle, Sir Richard Courtney, who, struck by the remarkable resemblance which existed between Walter and Eleanor in person and character, very naturally, though very unwisely, had looked upon them as proper mates when maturity should come. In the circle of the select exclusive aristocracy of England, the proper mating of families is an all-important matter, and as Walter was the only son and heir of his house, and Sir Richard Courtney without a son, who could be chosen better than Walter as the husband of Sir Richard's eldest daughter? He would represent in himself the head of his father and mother's family—the hereditary representative of the Templars and a fitting representative of the Courtneys. Indeed, it was evident from the extraordinary resemblance in character and person between him and his cousin Eleanor, that he was more a Courtney than a Templar. What wonder then that his parents and uncle should entertain the very plausible design of mating Walter and Eleanor, and as his father Sir Walter, died when he was a boy and left him to the guardianship of his uncle, Sir Richard, everything in the future seemed to favor that design as one which would fulfill itself most naturally, and without a cross. Doubtless, also, it would, had he not have met Terese and been associated with her in so delightful a romance in which love had sprung up in the hearts of both. This was the matter which so troubled Sir Walter since the revelation of the heart of Terese, which also flashed out the revelation of his own.

By the subtle mesmeric power which the ruling spirit of Walter Templar possessed over her, Terese, as remarked before, had grown to think his thoughts, feel his feelings, was affected by his sympathies, and all hers ran upon him. She was, in fact, like the plastic wax upon which was stamped his image and character. But Eleanor was Walter in her own nature. The Creative Mind and Hand had fashioned her in the image and likeness of Walter Templar. She was not like Terese, yet she was a fitting type of one Hebrew daughter—the heroic Judith who struck off the head of the Assyrian captain to free her people and save the holy city. Such a deed was the sublime Eleanor worthy to perform.

What a rival for Terese? More than a rival was Eleanor. Had she been no more, Terese had won the prize for which her opera aimed, and her Walter would have come joyfully on the promised to-morrow to declare the happy issue, to tell her that their path was without a cross in love's bright prospect—that the future before them was day, not night.

But Eleanor was the betrothed of Walter. She was a member of his family for whom he would give his life. She was also a twin soul made in the same mould, for whom he would sacrifice his life a thousand times. And he to her? how stood the case? There was no one to her created whom she looked upon from so high a point of view as her cousin Walter. There might be many more in the world his equal—his superior in many points, but in some respects it would have been difficult to overmatch him, and thus Eleanor looked upon him with all that pride of family which also so strongly traited Walter's character. But the pride of Terese in her beloved, was the pride of an affectionate yearning of woman's heart.

Now, this love of family which tinged so deeply and entirely the character of Sir Walter Templar and his cousin Eleanor, was not pride of aristocracy and class, but that same instinct of race and tribe which existed in patriarchal days, before aristocracy had birth, and when founders of families and fathers of nations were no more than lords of sheep and pasturage. Here again did Eleanor Courtney resemble Judith the Hebrew heroine: and perhaps in this trait both she and Walter were Jewish in type of character. What then in two such natures such dominent souls shall stand between this family love, between two betrothed cousins who had often nestled in one cradle and who grew up together in early life. Poor Terese, even thy strong woman's love, returned by Walter with all the intensity of his passionate nature, cannot prevail unless Eleanor herself should give her betrothed to thee.